

HILARIOUS NIGHT ON NEW YORK'S GREAT WHITE WAY ENDS IN SUDDEN TRAGEDY

Cortland, N. Y., Sept. 15. — They brought Ida Brown, until yesterday a happy, dancing Broadway favorite, back to the little town of her birth in a walnut box today.

New York's Great White Way was just ending a hilarious night as a train crept into the Cortland station at daybreak. In a coffin in the baggage car was the body of the 20-year-old girl, who left Cortland to become a "great star." She had been dragged, crushed and mangled beneath a wrecked car on a New York speedway in the early hours of yesterday morning as a climax to a gay auto ride to a fashionable road house.

"God took Ida home to save her from the wrong road," sobbed Mrs. William Brown, her mother, as she greeted her husband in the railway station here. "She was a good girl, but, oh! I was so afraid she was getting into bad company.

"I asked Mr. Shubert last night to call all his girls in the Winter Garden chorus together and cite Ida's case as an example. It may save some other girl who is too anxious for a good time after the show."

Mrs. Brown leaned forward into her husband's arms and, supported by her son Rufus, who had accompanied her from New York, was carried into a carriage. Half hysterical, she was driven to her old home, where funeral services for the little girl were held this afternoon. Her body was buried in a rural graveyard. Her last request, "When I die I want red roses on my grave," was complied with.

Ida Brown's case was the old, old story. She was bred in this little town of less than 10,000, where her beauty was admired and where church choir directors assured her she had a "grand voice." Before she reached high school she was ambitious for the stage.

Mrs. Brown at first tried to dis-

courage her. Ida was popular among her schoolmates and had plenty of "fellows." Her mother tried in vain to steer her into a course of matrimony, but failing, consented to accompany her to New York, where she was to become a "star."

"It was to protect her that I went to New York," the mother sobbed. "I believed in my girl but I know of the temptations that faced her."

The beauty of the little Cortland girl attracted theatrical managers in New York. Her figure was marvelous; her eyes soft and appealing. Within a few weeks she had an engagement.

Other managers saw her and only a few days ago she realized the New York chorus girl's ambition. She became a member of the famous "beauty chorus" that nightly danced its ways into the hearts of New York theater crowds at the Winter Garden. It was only a little while, Cortland felt sure, before Ida Brown's name would be flashed upon Broadway in big letters.

"I don't know just what happened after the show that night," said Mrs. Brown. "They told me that Ida and Dorothy Hunt met two men at the stage door. They asked them to take a little ride. Ida didn't want to go, but they finally coaxed her."

Then came the dash in a racing automobile to the Pell Tree Inn, a "little supper" at 2 a. m., the start back home and the crash that ended the brief career of the girl who left Cortland only a little while ago to gain fame on Broadway.

Old friends of Ida Brown crowded the front yard today for the funeral. There were boys she used to know in her school days, now clerks in the town stores, who stood about in their shirt sleeves and mopped their perspiring faces.

The preacher who knew Ida when she wore fluffy white dresses to her